

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 26.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

PUBLISHED AT
No 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK

BRANCH OFFICE,

ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 25 BROADWAY.

\$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

N.B.—Advertisers are requested to accreditate their advertisements to the New-York Saturday Press.

S. B.—Advertisers are requested to address to

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor of THE N. Y. Saturday Press,
No 9 Spruce Street, N. Y.

* * * The New York Saturday Press.

THE FAIRIES.

“We are fairies—
The tiniest of fauns;
Who only on bright Summer nights
Presume to show our faces;
Beneath the shade of elm or oak,
Or in the starlit spaces;
We never till the birds awake,
Then hide in shady places.”

“There beneath the winking stars,
We start the queenest fancies!
Make mimic warlike on the sword,
Equip with bulrush fames;
With mushroom shields and acorn casques,
We charge for bloodless chances;
And celebrate the victories
With antic rites and dances!”

“O ho! you ought to see us troop
About the fields together!”

“With lady-slipper on our feet,
And plumes of saffron feather;
Drinking the dewdrops from the flowers
Upon the midnight heather,
Or hiding under moan-leaves
From fear of thunder weather!”

“Sometimes within a lily large,
Some comb of gold and azure;
What time the bee's low humble
Drones in a drowsy measure;
We let ourselves be rocked to sleep
By zephyrs at their leisure,
And while away the golden day
In dreams of Fairy pleasure!”

“Else to crystal brooks that cool
Some sweet secluded valley,
At blowing of the Elm horn
How merrily we rally!

“There where the silver catcails
Fall soft and musically,
About the mossy-margined pools
We trod and we daily

“O know ye not the Little Folks
So beautiful and wary,
Who live in quiet woods and glens
And lead a life so merry?”

“Who only deign to show themselves
When Summer nights are starry;
O know ye not the Little Folks,
The tiny tribes of Faery?”

H. S. CORNWELL.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Some time between 1681 and '88, when he was a student in the University of Dublin, say about '85, his eighteenth year, Swift fell in love with a Miss Jane Walling (Varina), the sister of one of his clowns. She had a little fortune of one hundred pounds a year, but as Swift had no certain means of support, being entirely dependent on the bounty of an uncle, she declined to marry him, until something better should turn up for them. In 1688 or '89 he quitted the University and entered the service of Sir William Temple, as his amanuensis and reader, on a salary of twenty pounds a year. He ate humble pie in the Temple family, at Shene and Moor Park, for four or five years, and then returned to Ireland, and entered into holy orders. He remained in Ireland a little over a year, not at all pleased with the prospect before him, and resigning his living at Kilroot, in favor of a poor clergyman, returned to his scutcheon at Moor Park. He was not installed as parson to two young ladies, Miss Gifford, a niece of Sir William Temple, and Miss Esther Johnson, after celebrated as Stella. The parentage of Stella is a little dubious. By one she is said to have been the daughter of a merchant, who failed in business in London, and died in her infancy; by others, the daughter of Sir William's steward. Others again say that she was a natural daughter of Sir William. The year of her birth is uncertain—Swift makes her thirty-four, in a birthday poem, for 1718 '19, while in another, written for a similar occasion, six years later, she is forty-three. This difference of three years in her age, places her birth in 1684 or '84. I incline to the former year, which makes her about fifteen when she became the pupil of Swift. She could not have been older than that, if indeed she was so old, for he taught her, we are told, the common branches of learning. She does not appear to have been a very apt scholar, though her natural parts were good, but she had many things that made up for this deficiency, in Swift's eyes. She was young and beautiful, with agreeable manners, and a heart easily impressed; and when these qualities are united in a woman, even though she is a dunce, which Stella was not, she seldom fails to charm. Add to this an admiration such as Stella felt for Swift's genius, and the love and awe with which he inspired her, and she becomes irresistible. Not that Stella was so with Swift, for his singular nature was not amenable to the laws which govern the masses of mankind; still, she had more influence over him than any human being—except Jonathan Swift! She began by admiring him, she ended by loving him. And he loved her too, in his way, though he still kept up his correspondence with his early flame, Varina. He wrote Varina a love-letter in April, 1686, while he was teaching Stella to conjugate the verb Am, and urged her to marry him. “I desire nothing of your fortune,” he said; “you shall live where and with whom you please till my affairs are settled to your desire; and in the meantime I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed. But as Stella advanced deeper in the grammar of love, his passion for Varina cooled. He resided at Moor Park, till the death of Sir William Temple in January, 1699. Sir William left him a small legacy, and a large amount of MSS. The publication of the latter took him to London, where he remained till the close of the year '99, the look-out for a good berth in the Church; but not finding one, he accepted an offer of

Lord Berkeley to become his secretary and chaplain, and accompanied him to Ireland in that capacity. He arrived in Dublin in the beginning of 1700, and after a series of petty disappointments, which need not be related here, obtained the rectory of Ashford, and the vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeglin, in the diocese of Meath. These livings, and the prebend of Dupharin, which he was soon after added to them, raised his income to about four hundred pounds a year—enough in all conscience to have justified him in marrying Varina. But a marriage with her did not enter into his calculations, as she was beginning to perceive. She wrote him a letter, and asked him if the change of his feelings towards her was not owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. “I declare,” he answered (May 4th, 1700), “upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself.” He inquired into her health, which seems never to have been good, was improved, rendering her that her doctor had declared that marriage would endanger her life. “Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less (perhaps) than £300 a year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humor, as to comply with my desires and way of living; and endeavor to make us both as happy as you can?” Will you be ready to engage in these methods? I will direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting or visited? Will the place where he is more welcome than cities or courts without him? Will she, etc. If she can answer these questions in the affirmative, he concludes, “I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanness in the first, and delicacy in the second, are all I look for.” Poor Varina! She had waited fifteen years only to be insulted at last! Whether Swift's conduct on this occasion was owing to a natural repugnance to marriage, or to the presence of Stella in Ireland, is a matter of conjecture; the latter reason seems to me the true one. Sir William Temple, I have omitted to mention, left Stella, at his death, a legacy of one thousand pounds. This was but a small sum in England, where interest was low and living expensive, but it was quite a fortune in Ireland, so she followed Swift thither; as he had invited her to do, accompanied by her Duenna, so to speak, an old lady named Dingley. They arrived in Ireland about the time that Swift wrote his last letter to Varina, and took a lodgings at Trim, a small town near Laracor, a mile or so from Swift's vicarage. From this time till her death, some twenty odd years later, Stella was Swift's neighbor and companion. She saw him constantly during his residence at Laracor, and when he was absent, in England, or elsewhere, she and Mrs. Dingley occupied the vicarage till his return. In 1701, he went to England and engaged in political life. He was a great man in politics—a tower of strength to his friends, a terror to his enemies, and not undistinguished in literature. He knew all the wits and writers of the time, Congreve, Addison, and Steele, and took his place among them unquestioned; especially after the publication of ‘*The Tale of a Tub*’ in 1704. We get glimpses of his intimacy with them, and the life that he led in London, in his ‘*Journal to Stella*’. This Journal, which was written in the form of letters and dispatched to Ireland to Stella, is full of what Swift called his ‘Little Language,’ an enigmatical style of writing invented by himself for Stella. She figures in it as M. D., while he is *Prosto*, and P. D. F. R. It begins—“The Tale, not the Little Language, in September, 1710, and ends in June, 1713. Between these dates a new influence was at work in his life. I allude to Vanessa, Father Vanhomrigh. She was the daughter of Mr. Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant, who had been commissary of stores for King William during the Irish civil wars, and afterwards Master-Master-General whatever that may have been), and commissioner of revenue. He died in Vanessa's childhood, leaving an estate of sixteen thousand pounds, and his widow settled in London with her four children, the eldest of whom, Vanessa, was about nineteen when Swift first met her. An entry in the ‘*Journal to Stella*’—the earliest I believe on the subject—fixes October 30th, 1710, as the day of their meeting; at any rate, Swift dined with her mother on that day, and we have no reason to think that she was absent. The family resided within five doors of Swift's lodgings, which were in Bury Street, St. James's, and she was frequently their guest, as may be seen in his ‘*Journal*’. He mentioned them to St. Ilia carelessly, as acquaintances he had recently made, but she seemed to have her suspicions that one, at least, was something more. She remembered, perhaps, her own experience of Swift, trembled for the consequences of his intimacy with Vanessa, who was eight or ten years her junior. A great deal has been written about Vanessa, and her passion for Swift, but most of it is mere conjecture; we know nothing of the matter beyond what Swift tells us in ‘*Cadenus and Vanessa*’. This poem, which was written at Windsor in the Spring of 1713, is a history of the affair, as far as it had then gone. Vanessa began by reading the books of Swift, who seems to have directed her studies and pursuits, and ended, like Stella before her, by loving him. It was some time before he gave her his love, and when he did, it was with pain—“I burn within him rise shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.”

He endeavored to reason her out of her folly, and she endeavored to reason him into it, and succeeded, so much did her preference flatter his vanity. He could not promise to return her passion—his age and dignity forbade that; but friendship in its greatest height, A constant, fatal, soul-debt, The vanity's base! to feel so base, Who loves her, loves her past, Which gently warms, but cannot burn, He steadily drew in return.”

Such is Swift's history of the affair, and, making allowance for its being in verse, I have no doubt but it is the true one. Vanessa threw herself in his arms, but he was not man enough to resist her. It might have been difficult to shake her off (I should judge it was), still, he could have done so, I think, had he tried. At any rate he could have told her of his relations with Stella, and told Stella of her relations with him; but he did neither. He seldom mentioned Vanessa in his ‘*Journal to Stella*’, and never, as far as I can learn, mentioned Stella to Vanessa. I cannot understand his duplicity, nor do I believe he understood it himself. It was madness. In the Summer of 1713 he returned to Ireland, the Dean of St. Patrick's. His first care, after taking possession of the Deanyer, was to provide for Stella and Mrs. Dingley, whom he probably found in Dublin on his arrival. He secured lodgings for them upon O'neill's Quay, on the other side of the Liffey, and fell back into his old relations with Stella. How he contrived to attach her to him as he did so many years, is a mystery. He does not appear to have held out to her the prospect of a marriage with him; on the contrary, he was at one time favored her marriage with another. This was in 1705 or '6, when one of his clerical friends, the Rev. Dr. Tidball, made her an offer of his hand. She consulted with Swift, and refused him. He was not quite satisfied with Swift's conduct on that

occasion, and wrote him to that effect, but Swift assured him that he had not stood in his light. If he had thought of marriage himself, he would certainly have made his choice, never having seen any person whose conversation he valued like Stella's; this was the utmost he had given way to. If he spoke the truth, of which there is some doubt, Stella was indeed infatuated. They lived apart in Dublin, as they had done at Laracor, and never saw each other, except in the presence of a third person, which person was generally Mrs. Dingley. But to return to Vanessa. Her mother and two brothers died in 1713, and left her and her sister the remainder of the Vanhomrigh property, a portion of which was in Ireland. This, and her love for Swift, determined her to remove thither. He protested, but to no purpose. She would come. She arrived in Dublin in the Summer or Autumn of 1714, and immediately began to weave her toils. She made Swift visit her, which to do him justice, he was loth to do, and reproached him with his neglect and indifference. He temporized, as was his wont. The presence of his rival, and the unsettled state of Swift's affections, preyed upon Stella, and her health began to decline. He saw it, and asked his friend, Dr. Ashe, the Bishop of Clogher, to inquire the cause of her melancholy. The answer was that he might have expected: “Her sensibility to his late indifference, and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connection between them.” There was but one remedy, the Bishop thought—Marriage. Swift said he had formed two resolutions in regard to matrimony: one, not to marry till he possessed a sufficient fortune; the other, that it should be at a time which gave him a reasonable prospect of seeing his children settled in life. Neither condition had been fulfilled. He had not acquired a competent fortune, and he was nearly fifty. He would marry Stella, however, if she would consent to keep it secret, and to live apart from him, as she was then doing. She consented, and they were privately married by the Bishop, in 1716, in the garden of the Deanyer. It was not a merry thing with Swift, that marriage, whatever it may have been with Stella, for he became dejected and melancholy. His friends were struck with his altered appearance, and one of them—the Rev. Patrick Delany went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions: on entering the library, Swift rushed out distractingly, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears. “You have just met,” he said, “the most unhappy man upon earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.” Swift's intercourse with Stella continued as guarded as before his marriage; he never saw her alone. She had but few acquaintances of her own sex, and those were formal and ceremonious; her only friends were men, mostly clergymen, whom Swift had introduced to her. Now and then she dined at the Deanyer, in Swift's public days, but never as its mistress; she was only a guest in her husband's house. She impressed all who saw her by the beauty of her countenance, and particularly by her fine dark eyes. She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and her hair was an black as a raven.” Swift tried to moderate the passion of Vanessa, and introduced Dean Winter to her, as a candidate for her. She rejected him with disdain. Dr. Price also addressed her, but with no better success. In 1717 she retired to her estate at Marley Abbey, near Celbridge. She continued to write to Swift, who answered her letters, but refrained from seeing her for two or three years. At the end of that time he renewed his visits. She seldom went abroad at Marley Abbey, and saw but little company; her constant amusement was reading or walking in the garden. Her garden was crowded with laurels, and when Swift was expected she used to plant one or two with her own hand against his arrival. She was always melancholy when he was not with her; when he came she was happy. Her favorite seat was a bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, and here she and Swift were often seen, sitting together at a rude table, with books and writing material before them. It was at best but a painful pleasure, and one fine day it came to an end. Vanessa wrote Swift a letter, and asked the nature of her connection with Swift. She answered that she was his wife, and full of resentment against him for having given any woman the right to put such a question, left her lodgings, and retired to the house of a friend. Vanessa's letter fell into the hands of Swift, who rode to Marley Abbey in a paroxysm of fury; as he entered the room where Vanessa was, she was struck with terror. He flung the letter on the table before her, and instantly mounting his horse, rode back to Dublin. When she opened his packet, and saw that it contained only her own letter to Stella, she knew that all was over. Her heart was broken. She died in a few weeks (May, 1723), leaving her fortune to a Mr. Marshall and Bishop Berkley. She directed them to publish ‘*Cadenus and Vanessa*’, and all the letters that had passed between Swift and herself; but her wishes were not respected regarding the letters, for they were destroyed, though not before many of them had been copied. When Swift heard of her death he fled to the South of Ireland, and shut himself up for two months in utter solitude. Of course Stella forgave him on his return to Dublin. He remained in Ireland till 1726, when he made a visit of pleasure to England. A similar visit in the Spring of the next year was interrupted by the illness of Stella. He was staying with Pope at Twickenham when the news reached him. He wrote back word that she was not to be allowed to die at the Deanyer, and quitted Pope on his Western Sea, to Dublin, started for Ireland. He arrived at Dublin in October, and found her dying, not in the Deanyer, as he had feared, but in her lodgings. A few days before her death she came to see him in a chair. When she reached the Deanyer she was so exhausted that it was with difficulty that she was brought into the parlor. She tasted some mulled wine which he had prepared for her, and feeling faint desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and placed on a bed, and Swift sat down beside her and took her hand. Her companion, Mrs. Whiteaway, a cousin of Swift's, retired into an adjoining room to give them an opportunity to converse together; but the door being left ajar to give Stella air, she could not but over-hear some of their conversation, though they spoke in whispers. “Well, my dear,” said Swift to Stella, “if you wish it, it shall be owned.” “It is too late,” she answered with a sigh. She died on the 28th of January, 1728.

After death, and probably after Swift's, one of her raven tresses came into the possession of an antiquary. It was wrapped in paper, and labelled in Swift's own handwriting. “Only a woman's hair.”

THE WIND-WAVE.

Soft, light-created, slow, murmuring on to the strand.
The first wave rolls in glory,
Soft, light-created, slow, murmuring on to the strand.

Full, light-created, slow, surging on to the strand,
Follows the second in might,
Striking the pebbles with white.

Full, light-created, slow, surging on to the strand,
Heaved to a wondrous length,
The third wave dashes in strength,

Grand, light-created, slow, thundering on to the strand,
Heads to a wondrous length,
Grand, light-created, slow, thundering on to the strand.

[From the ‘New York Times,’ June 27.]

THE ERRAND-BEARERS.

10TH OCTOBER, YEAR 84 OF THE STATE.

1. Over sea, hither from Nippon,
Courteous, the Prince of Asia, swart-cheek'd prin-

cess, comes, guests, two-sworded prynes,
Lesson-giving princes, leaning back in their open
barouches, bare-headed, impulsive,
This day ride they through Manhattan.

2. Libertad!

I do not know whether others behold what I be-
hold pass, in the procession, along with the
Prince of Asia, the errand-bearers.

Bringing up the rear, hovering above, around, or
in the ranks marching;

But I will sing you a song of what I behold,
Libertad.

3. When million-footed Manhattan, impent, descends
to its pavements,

When the thunder-cracking guns around me with

the roar I know,

When the round-mouth'd guns, out of the smoke

and smell I love, spit their salutes,

When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me

—When heaven-clouds canopy my city with a delicate thin haze,

When gorgeous, the countless straight stems, the

iron-hoofed charvres, thickened with colors,

When every ship is richly dressed, and carrying her flag at the peak,

When pennants trail, and street-festoons hang

from the windows,

When Broadway is entirely given up to foot-passengers and foot-stanchards—When the mass is densest,

When the sunbeams of the day are alive with people—When eyes glisten, riveted, tens of thousand at a time,

When the summons is made—When the answer that waited thousands of years, answers,

I too, arising, answering, descend to the pave-
ments, merge with the crowd, and gaze with them.

4. Superficed Manhattan,
Comrade Americans—to us, then, at last, the Orient comes.

5. To us, my city,

Where our tall-topped marble and iron beauties

range on opposite sides—to walk in the space

between.

To-day our Antipodes comes.

6. The Orientress comes,

The land of Paradise—land of the Caucasus—the

The land of Parthia, the bequeather of poems—

The Saturday Press Book List.

For the week ending June 30, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the joke of "New Books." Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his "PENNY SATURDAY PRESS," does most wisely by merely naming them in brackets, print. The title of a new book, printed in a single type, is a very valuable note.—HARPER & WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Life of Rev. Dr. Huntington, delivered at the State Convention of Sabbath-school Teachers in Worcester, on the Sabbath of the Sunday School to the Church. Boston: Henry Best.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas. With his most Important Speeches. With Portraits. 12mo. \$1.50. New York.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas. With a Portrait. 12mo. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

POETRY.

John of Arc. A Poem. In Four Books. 12mo. pp. 192. Harte's Poets. Cambridge: Mass.

Ma Rainy of Virginia. A Poem in Three Cantos. 12mo. pp. 60. Waller P. Howard.

MEDICAL.

The Success of Medical Education and Philosophy, with Practical Illustrations of the Various Diseases Diagnosed and Seven Essays. Forming a Complete Manual of Reference. By George H. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 400. \$1.25. New York: Fowler & Wells.

TRAVELS.

The American in Japan. An Account of the Government Negotiations with the United States. Extracted from the Japanese Times. Illustrated. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

The Year of Grace: A History of the Reformation in Ireland, in 1641. By Rev. J. L. Jackson, D. D., formerly Librarian in Queen's College, Cork. With an Introduction by Rev. Baron Stanhope. 12mo. pp. 320. Boston: Goddard & Lincoln.

TRAVELS. ETC.

Travel, Research, and Missionary Labors, during an eighteen Years Residence in Eastern Africa, together with Journeys to Jugga, Umbambo, Shoa, Abyssinia, and Khartum, and a recent voyage from Mombasa to Cape Delgado. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, with a Foreword by Dr. G. R. Thompson. Translated from the Autobiography of Haydon. 12mo. pp. 360. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Federal History of the Great Eastern. Complete description, with 29 Engravings and Three Colored Pictures of the Ship—50 cents. New York: Waller & Rogers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

JOHN S. VOORHIES, NEW YORK.

Autobiography, Agent of the New York Reports and Statutes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrated at the Office of The Saturday Press.
For the next reading Saturday, June 30, 1860.

Mr. the Doctor, or Recreations of Travel in Asia and Africa. By General J. D'Urville. (Habib Ali et Hamid Bey.) Ex-London and of the Emirs of Mecca, Yemen, and Persia. Delivered to the French Academy National Society. Translated from the French. 12mo. pp. 600. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey, author of the Gambler's Wife, etc. With a Foreword by Dr. G. R. Thompson. 12mo. pp. 620. Philadelphia: T. R. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Travels and Researches in Eastern Africa, during an eighteen Years Residence there. By Rev. J. L. Jackson. With a Foreword by Dr. G. R. Thompson. Translated from the Autobiography of Haydon. 12mo. pp. 620. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Special Notices.

Dr. Gouraud's Philosophy of the Finger Nails.

No. 2, Vol. II.

The science of beauty is perfectly cured. Nature abhors a straight line as much as she does a vacuum; in proof of this witness now the outline of a well-formed woman, observe that the curves of her body, even in the most slender parts, are always bent; and that she must be who is fashioned in the image of her Creator—she is her God, heaven in her eye.

In all her aspect, beauty and love.

The proper management of the nails, is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers. The nail should be allowed to grow out, and not be shortened, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged by being pressed upward against the hand, thus giving a clumsy appearance.

It is important to remember that Dr. Gouraud's article is written for the benefit of ladies, and is not intended for the benefit of men.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream. A beautiful cream, for the care of the face, hair, and skin. Like other preparations of Dr. Gouraud, this article is imitated by the confectioner of Barrett's Fuscous.

The price of Dr. Gouraud's cream is to be obtained at his Depot, 67 Walker street, first floor, from Bowles, Mrs. May, Booksellers generally.

BRADY'S GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMBROTYPEs, IVORYTYPES, AND DAGUERREOTYPES.

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GO TO PEAFOWLS! At Peafowl's Restaurant and Lager Beer Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best V. and the best Lager Beer; the best Coffee and Tea; the best Wines and Liqueurs; the best Havana Cigars—on time, the best of every thing, or *Moderate Prices*.

N. B.—You will also find at Peafowl's the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship CITY OF WASHINGTON, for Liverpool. Saturday, June 30th, will close at 10 A.M.

TOM TAYLOR AND HUME THE SPIRITUALIST.

Tom TAYLOR writes to the Manchester *Guardian*, of the feats performed by Hume, the distinguished Spiritualist. He says: "It is quite certain that in one West End drawing-room, at least, Mr. Hume has suddenly announced that he was being lifted from the ground. That he has been seen—no, that is the awkward point about it—not *sawn* exactly, for the lights are always put out before these risings take place; but that he has been heard out of the darkness informing the awe-stricken circle of believers round the table that he was rising to the ceiling, and that he has occasionally taken a pencil up with him, and written on the ceiling the name of the incredulous master of the house, as a sign to turn him from the error of his ways—that against the dim light of the window, what appeared the legs and feet of the adept, have been seen to float past in a horizontal position; that Mr. Hume's, or Hume's, feet have been felt on the shoulders of persons sitting at the table, or on the backs of their chairs; and that he has been rather felt than *sawn* by some specially favored ones to come down on the table in a kneeling position, in his descents—according to his own account—from his aerial suspension. But the real marvel in the matter is, that after London has seen Houdini, and Deller, and Mr. Anderson, and Bowes, there should still be crowds of spectators, those educated persons, who, seeing a rival of those gentlemen, whose mode of performance they are unable to explain, should at once be content to resort to the performer's own explanation—spiritual or supernatural agency—and that too, when the first step in the exhibition is putting out the candles. If Mr. Hume would only fly by daylight—or even candlelight!"

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

For the week ending June 30, 1860.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1860.

ANOTHER SENSATION.

At length,—indeed, one might say at very great length,—the *Great Eastern* is here, and the Japanese do well to pack up their things and be off.

One sensation at a time is as much as we can stand.

The *Great Eastern*—which, according to all accounts, is quite a boat—will be the rage for a few days in the public mind, and then give way to the Fourth of July, which will give way to Heenan, who in turn will give way to the Prince of Wales,—by which time the election fever will be at its height, and no new sensation will be possible until after the ides of November, or thereabouts, when the people will probably be so exhausted that nothing will excite them short of

A descent in a balloon.

By the Man in the Moon.

The strongest thing about these sensations is that we feel so cheap after they are over.

Of the thousands who have been dogging the heels of the Japanese for the last few weeks, there is probably not one who does not at this moment feel more or less ashamed of himself.

It will be the same with the thousands who visit the *Great Eastern*, and the hundreds of thousands who will run the risk of suffocation to get a sight of the Prince of Wales.

Somehow or other, there is nothing we mortals seem to regret so much as giving way to our natural emotions.

But why should we regret it? Take the last case. We wanted to know whether the Japanese who have shut themselves out from the rest of mankind for centuries were really human, and we ought to be greatly delighted at having ascertained from personal inspection that they are eminently so.

It strikes us that the desire to see any new race of men (or any new race whatever) for that matter, unites soundness of doctrinal belief with ability of literary management, and general consciousness in matters of fact, should, from those peculiarities alone, take us place at once at the head of the Religious Press.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

We have alluded, in another article, to the illiterate and uninteresting character of a daily paper just started in this city under the somewhat pretentious name of *The World*. No one can carefully read any number of that ponderous sheet without feeling keenly the justice of our strictures.

And now will some one explain to us why it is that the same criticism applies with equal force to almost every religious paper in the country?

What is there in religion—and in the Christian religion especially—that should make men so pre-inclined stupid? Is literary ability, to say nothing of literary consciousness, inconsistent with the religious character?

Because a man believes in the Bible, must he therefore necessarily disbelieve in the Grammar?

Are purity of life and purity of style incompatible with each other?

If so, then—but we will not say what we were going to, for it might be called impious—but we will say that whoever takes upon himself the responsibility of publishing a periodical of any kind, and in doing brings out a work in violation of every principle of literary taste, shows himself to be so deficient in ordinary consciousness as to be unfit to direct the public mind on any subject whatever.

Whitman is stronger, not when he is vague, but when he fastens and defines. He has always expansion enough. His random method—his panoramic treatment of objects, in which cities, states, worlds, events, are rolled before the mind—is abundant freedom. Let him shift the scene as he pleases, with much or little outward connection, we understand his rapid transition; the logic of his abrupt contrast is perfect for us; but let him keep always firm hold of the matter in hand, let him not fall through one of his own chasms, he is one thing, chasms another. The poet shall not, after all, loose the knot of existence, and suffer his thought, Brahminical, to resolve itself back into nebulous, elementary mist.

The reaction against dogma and materialism runs already into rhapsody and mere ejaculation, as in the rhapsodies of trance-speaking mediums, and we are threatened on every hand with a period of mere suggestion in poetry, mere protest against order, and kicking at the old limits, time, space, the horizon, and the sky. Nothing can be more tedious than too much of this explosion. At one time men run from representation into ornateness, at another into reflection, and now again we may lose sight of sea and land in the transcendental balloon.

But Nature has spaces larger than any that open in our fancy. Freedom is at last in following, not in overleaping her paths. All enduring power is delight in life as we find or make it. Nothing else can permanently encourage and fortify. The true and healthy suggestion lies in a possible, an actual history.

The helpful thought is not trace of faculty and individuality, but open eyed and firm-footed enjoyment of the undeniably quality and tendency of things.

We have indicated what is for us the single fault of Whitman worthy to be named. His span is immense. As he tells us, gross at once and mystical. He is never prosaic, for one who has breadth through all his catalogue of particulars to keep the thread of his thought. He never preaches. He never ornaments. He has made the first extended picture of our life as we live it in America, where thought is not scholastic, where the influence of books is very little, of Nature very great.

The habit of Whitman is directly and firmly opposed to that of our poetic and plastic Art. We must take another opportunity to point the contrast, and render, as any man who looks about him may easily do, the verdict of the American people in judgment between an ideal, which is sublimated Fancy, and one which is substantial Fact.

THE WORLD.

One of the most interesting studies we know of, is the self-appointed 'Guardian of the Public Morals.'

The last specimen of the creature that has appeared in this series, comes to us in the form of a cheap newspaper called *The World*,—a name so suggestive of double meanings that we believe no one (not even our sensible friend of the *Sunday Courier*) has up to this time been able to mention it without indulging at once in a series of more or less wretched puns.

The method *The World* has adopted for guarding the public morals, appears to consist in giving regular reports of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer Meeting, abounding in the publication of all entertaining matter, and resolutely refusing, on any terms, to have a proof-reader about. Three very striking ideas which, to that mysterious person.

Mr. Arthur Rutledge is represented to us as a handsome bachelor gentleman, upwards of thirty years old, possessed of a large property, and having nothing in particular to do. There are allusions to his 'firm, well-proportioned figure,' his 'commanding and decided carriage,' his 'dark hair slightly dashed with gray,' his 'keen and cold eyes,' and the 'deep lines of care and thought about his brow.' It further appears that he does not smile often, but nourishes a secret grudge, has a limited knowledge of medicine, and very little faith in human nature. The fatal remembrance which induces this misanthropy, relates to his sister Alice. It is explained that in early youth, Alice Rutledge was led astray by a bold soldier-boy from the sunny land of France, whom she followed to that pestiferous country; that her aged father immediately proceeded to die of what is called 'a broken heart'; and that her elder brother, Richard, emulated the paternal example. So it happens that Mr. Arthur Rutledge, sole survivor of the family, possesses a threefold heritage of wealth, disgrace, and sorrow, and appears to us throughout most of this story as a well-bred and not altogether inconsolable misanthrope.

Sixteen chapters of the novel detail the growth of this man's love for the impetuous and brilliant girl whom he is protecting in his own house, and who is unconsciously learning to love him in return, day by day. These chapters are full of incident and interest. In them the development of the heroine's character is traced and recorded with graceful and interesting skill. Especially interesting is the scene in which Rutledge makes with her a compact of friendship, and locks upon her arm the gold bracelet of curious foreign coins.

"I have not many friends," he says, "but I do not choose to believe in many people. I choose to believe in you; therefore you can do me a kindness by keeping alive in your heart a little confidence in human nature. I have many cares to harass me in the present; but that is sad to remember of the past. By your youth and cheerfulness you can brighten the present; by your gentleness and sympathy you can soothe the recollections of the other. Youth is gone from me forever, but you can be the link between it and me, and keep it in sight a little longer. You can show me what I once was; earnest; hopeful, and trusting; and so help me from forgetting what I shall be. Above all you can be honest and never deceive me; and faithful and never withdraw from your allegiance."

Whether mankind can be kept in good moral condition by any such means may possibly admit of a doubt, but the experiment certainly deserves credit if only for its originality.

At any rate, the Fulton Street Daily Prayer Meeting eminently deserves reporting, while as for entertaining matter we have already too much of it for a sinful community in the other journals, and in respect to poor reading, we can easily understand how a journal enlisted in the cause of modern piety should discourage any such luxury as tending to foster the pride and vanity of authors.

It is true that *The World*, in consequence of the characters we have mentioned, is a very dismal and dreary sheet, but this is probably looked upon by the elect as one of its chief merits, since the devout reader will find in the perusal of it a very wholesome kind of penance, and will therefore doubtless persist in it for the good of his soul; while as for the ordinary reader, who, owing to his self-righteousness, cannot see the use of inflicting upon himself any such penance—why, of course, he need not do so; nor is it of consequence, whether he who alone lives and invites every creature to share his life.

It is a great refreshment in outdoor America to read poems written out-of-doors, by one who has been in the open air. A student who comes from the library to the field, is as little at home there as a sailor on board.

Every word is either a repetition, or a mistake. He omits always the great and permanent features of the scene: he picks cloverheads and pebbles; he misses the green and the blue. He renders only exceptions, and overlooks the broad, homely impression which remains with us day after day and year after year, till it becomes the total experience of life.

We differ somewhat in theory from this new Mentor,—having a vague idea that mankind has never yet been much benefited either by Fulton street righteousness, or by Nassau street stupidity; but it is not impossible that we may be wrong, especially since as publishers of *The Saturday Press*, we are naturally interested in an opposite policy.

We wish, however, to be fair, and we beg therefore to say to all persons who believe that the public morals can be kept straight by a journal which ignores all the graces of literature and all the charms of wit, and which keeps its readers as much in the dark as possible in respect to all matters of a cheerful description, that they cannot do better than subscribe immediately to *The World*, which, so far as such measures are effective, is doing a big thing toward the regeneration of the *Daily News* and the *Journal of Commerce*.

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Dramatic Feuilleton.

Described, with more or less of affection, to the General Public.

I don't know how it is with you, General, but I have done very little theatre-going this week. I can't stand the new style of Burlesque, even in cold weather, and there has been nothing else going on except the old Plantation, which is one of those dreary political plays that ought to be prohibited under heavy penalties.

I have no doubt that Jamison's impersonation of the negro is very fine, but we get enough of that sort of thing at Christy's and Bryant's without having it thrust into our faces with a mailed talon to it at the theatres. Besides, I am getting a little tired of the negro everywhere but at Crook & Duff's, where, excepting that he refuses me any more mince-pie since the Summer is over, he always conducts himself like a man and a brother, and, unlike the poor white trash at other places, expects nothing in return, which I generally give him with the best grace imaginable, and pay for my strawberry-shoots or what-not at the counter.

It other people, who have axes and things to grind, choose to put the negro through his paces, of course I have no objection, though, if Barkis is willing, I'd rather see any more of him on the stage, at least until the Election is over, when, according to Alibio of the *Truman*, he will be cock of the walk.

Meanwhile, General, if you have any influence at the theatres, I wish you would give him notice to quit. And while you are about it, pray serve a similar notice on the Burlesque-people, whose productions tend only to bring the stage into contempt.

I have seen several of them lately, and with the exception of the flattery of the graceful and fascinating Gage sisters in one, and the clever performances of a little boy whose name is not on the bill (except as Mr. O'Brien, entitled "Tycoon, or Young America in Little Tommy") in another, I found nothing in them to provoke the faintest smile, except at the utter failure of their authors to do anything but form a bad framework for a series of worse pleasantries.

A genuine Burlesque which should effectively travesty any peculiarity of human nature, or any phase of social manners, or any particular event of the day (such as the Reception of the Japanese, for instance), and the local allusions, witticisms, etc., in which should grow naturally out of the subject, instead of being lugged in by the head and ears, regardless of all propriety or pertinence, would doubtless be very entertaining.

But Burlesques like the *Lady of the Lake*, Our Japanese Embassy, and *Lalla Rookh*, do not fulfil either of these conditions, and should therefore, in the interest alike of art and of good morals, be driven summarily from the stage.

The idea that there should be nothing refined, nothing coherent, nothing symmetrical in a Burlesque, but that it should be a dreary hedge-podge of idiotic combinations, and impossible situations, never so much as suggesting any actual occurrence in life, and varied only by the introduction of occult puns and stale witticisms,—is one that I beg leave to observe in my opinion, is that he be made to sit through either of the performances which have suggested the above remarks.

I ought to stop here, and make a special exception to the above remarks in favor of Mr. John Brougham, who has really produced several exceedingly clever Burlesques, the very best of which—*Pocahontas*—will be brought out next Monday, at Nixon's, where the author is about to play a short-farewell engagement previous to visiting "his own native land," from which he had been absent so long, that he will hardly know it by sight.

If you have any appreciation of merit, or any sense of gratitude, General (and I think you have), you will turn out on this occasion, and show your old friend that for all these long years of faithful and unexpected service,—during which alike as an actor and a gentleman he has contributed so largely to your happiness,—you are only too glad to have so good a chance of making a solid and spontaneous return.

And if you don't do it, General, I was *sav* a civil word to you for a month.

Now that I have said my say about the Burlesques, let me call your special attention, General, to Niblo's Garden, which, under the Nixon administration, is about as good a place as you can find to spend your lazy time in, whether in the afternoon or evening. The great charm of the place to me is, that if I don't like all that is going on in the theatrical department, I shall be sure to like a good deal of it, and then I can go out for a stroll in the grounds, where all sorts of "green and growing things," or step into the saloon and enjoy an ice-cream, or call up in Col. Moore and take something stronger, or go into the smoking arbor and enjoy my cigar, or loaf round at all these places and do nothing, which is perhaps the best of all. If I can only get hold of Nixon for ten minutes some day, I mean to make him take me round and tell me the scientific names of all the plants, birds, fishes, reptiles, etc., he has collected together, in order to write a learned *Feuilleton* one of these weeks on the subject of natural history.

Meanwhile, General, you and I ought to be very much obliged to him for giving us a greater amount of entertainment than any other manager in the city, and leaving us to act on the principle of "you pay your money gentlemen and you has your choice." For my own part, the dancers aside (and by the way, I like the Gales with their youthful grace and beauty far better than any of the others), my choice is to roam at will all over the establishment, taking everything in small doses, and enjoying that greatest of luxuries, freedom of movement, a luxury impossible at the other theatres unless you pay double price, from the simple fact that if you have your seat somebody else takes it, whereas at Nixon's it is secured to you for the whole evening.

I incline to think that one of the best things the Japanese have done in New York, is their having called attention to this charming establishment, about which I say these few words on a sense of personal obligation to the proprietor for furnishing you and me, General, with so pleasant a resort.

I wish I could say as much for the other theatres this week, but for reasons above given, I can't do it.

As for the Florences, I find their style of fun (and they are funny or nothing) very hard and dry,—especially after Jefferson and Mrs. Wood, who, notwithstanding their occasional extravagances, and a little too much "sophomores," seem to me by far the best comedians in the country. I incline to think this is to be explained by the fact that they both have so large a fund of natural humor and wit, that in any sphere of life, they would have been celebrated for those qualities—Mrs. Wood less for wit, perhaps, than for humor, but Jefferson, in an eminent degree, for both.

The Florences may also have a great deal of natural wit and humor, but all that they exhibit on the stage appears to me to be of the most elaborate manufacture, and by no means of the best quality.

I regret to have to inform you, General, that the visit of your friends, Cortese, Musiani (whose success has led all the tenors about to get themselves to the high C's), Fabbri, Susini, etc., has not been a very successful one.

The fact is, that the modern Athenians are not in very good temper, just now. On the contrary, they are as mad as they can be, because the Japanese are going home without seeing the Commons and Fanueil Hall, and without listening to an address (cut and dried, no doubt, long ago) from Mr. Everett. And I think myself that it is very wrong in the Japanese to do such things; but what can you expect from a set of barbarians who shave their heads, wear two swords, and go walking about the streets in socks?

Besides, there is no use getting into a passion and making everybody uncomfortable, because you happen to be slighted.

Why not do the sour-grape dodge, and insist that the Ambassadors, or what not, are not worth seeing, or the high-moral dodge, and rejoice that the Boston girls have not been exposed to the seductive machinations of Tommy?

Anything would be better than to allow men's angry passions to rise, which Dr. Huntington, as well as Dr. Watts, says is very wrong.

The worst of it is that the case is aggravated, just now, by the arrival of the *Great Eastern*, which instead of going directly to Boston, as any well-constituted ship would have done, loaded right into New York, just as if it were the chief commercial city of the nation.

A few paragraphs more, General, and I'll let you up.

Next week the Winter Garden, which thus far has been rather a thornty affair for all concerned, is to try another experiment with Agnes Robertson and Dion Boucicault, which, if the weather permits, I shall probably condescend to patronize.

At Laura Keene's—now Jefferson & Co.'s—you will be treated to a new Burlesque (toujours Burlesque!) by Mr. O'Brien, entitled "Tycoon, or Young America in Little Tommy"; and if all I hear of it is true, it will probably have as extensive a run as the famous *Coon* of 1840, especially if there are no jokes in it quite so bad as this one:

One thing is certain,—Mr. O'Brien always writes with spirit, and therefore whatever may be the merits of "Tycoon" as a work of "high art," it is sure to be brilliant throughout; while the author's familiarity with what the critics call "the exigencies of the stage," makes it certain that it will abound in striking situations, and be fit for an entertaining performance.

In the hands of Jefferson and Wood, however, it could not well be otherwise.

So notwithstanding what I have said above, General, you can go and see Mr. O'Brien's burlesque with my entire approval.

If I find I have given you bad advice, I will make up by pitching into the piece next week.

At the close of the present season, Wallack's Theatre is to be taken down and a new temple erected in its place dedicated to the service of Dry Goods.

These innovations go on, I fear me the Veteran will become as much of a Hypochondriac as Mr. Charles Barns, who was announced to make his appearance in character, last evening, among the snows of the Winter Garden.

And now, lest you, too, General, get into a bad way, I have to sign myself, with considerable indifference, Your Disobedient Servant,

QUELQU'UN.

For the New York Saturday Press.

DELAVIGNE'S POEMS.

Some years ago, I picked up at a French book-store a stray volume of poems by Casimir Delavigne. Having never met with any of them before, nor heard of the author, except perchance by name, I was delighted to find that the little paper-bound pocket volume (such an one as only a French Press can issue), contained some rare poetry. Whether Delavigne has gone out of date, or whether the present writer is not an amateur in modern French literature, is immaterial, but since that time, though I have heard much of other French poets, the name of Casimir Delavigne has never so much as crossed my mind.

Delavigne was a member of the French Academy, and wrote several popular dramatic works besides this little volume, which is composed partly of political poems, styled "Les Mousquettiers"—the Misfortunes of his country, and the rest of ballads and verses upon miscellaneous subjects. He was born at Havre in 1793, and wrote during the stirring political and literary epoch which marked the first quarter of this century. His patriotic odes are filled with true poetic fire: they are of the stuff that inflames the Parisian populace to the point that finds vent only in barricades and musketry. As we read them, even in the quiet study, we can fancy their effect upon the excited Gallic nature when sung in grand chorus on the Boulevards. Many Americans, doubtless, are familiar with his ode, "La Parisienne."

I know this is a naughty thing to say, considering that nearly every American who can sing half a dozen sentences together, or construct a couplet, or get a joke accepted in *Tender Notes*, imagines that he is a full-grown author, competent to write anything, from a Tragedy to a Traviata,—but I have said it, and the worst wish I have for any one who differs from me in opinion, is that he be made to sit through either of the performances which have suggested the above remarks.

I ought to say to you, General, that in order for a man to be competent to write a Burlesque fit to be performed, he should be possessed not simply of a sense of the ludicrous or of the grotesque which nearly everybody has to a greater or less extent—but of a rare wit, an abounding humor, and a knowledge of human nature, such as fall to few persons anywhere, and so far as I know, to no one in these States.

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(For the New York Saturday Press.)

L'INCONSTANT.

O fitter not the wild bird's wing;
Believe me, love, he will not sing,
In gilded cage, the thrilling song
Thou'rt loved so well, and heard so long,
For it was caught from woods and groves,
A thousand flowers, a thousand loves.

II.

Ab! trust me, dear, thou'rt weary soon
If once the bird were all thine own.
If thou'rt wouldst have him ever dear,
His strains must rarely charm thine ears,
Or thou'rt must feel at least that he
Has but to spread his wings and flee!

III.

Nay, hear me, dearest, but a word:
Young love is like the forest bird,—
Fetter his free and care-free wing,
He droops a tame and sickly thing;
But should he roam awhile, if free,
Trust me, he will come back to thee!

LESLIE PETTY.

G. P. R. JAMES, THE NOVELIST.

By the arrival of the *Europe* at Halifax, on Monday, we have intelligence of the death of Mr. G. P. R. James, the celebrated novelist. We are not informed where the event took place, but it was probably at Venice, where he was filling a consular situation, to which he was transferred by the British Government, from his consulate in this country, at Richmond, Va.

George Philip Bainbridge James was born in George street, Hanover-square, London, in 1801. He received his early education at a school at Greenwich, kept by a French emigrant, and was afterwards placed under the private tuition of Rev. Wm. Carmalt, with whom he remained until his sixteenth year, when he was sent to France, where he remained several years. In very early boyhood he commenced to show his aptness for literary composition, and became an anonymous contributor to the magazines. At a later period, but while he was still a youth, he wrote several short stories for the amusement of his friends, some of which, straying out of the circle they were intended for, came to the notice of Washington Irving, who advised him to attempt a work of some importance. The 'Life of Edward the Black Prince,' a book he did not care afterwards to acknowledge, was the result of this counsel. But shortly afterwards appeared 'Richelieu,' published in his twenty-sixth year, the success of which confirmed him in his resolution to pursue a literary career. The manuscript of this novel had been submitted to Sir Walter Scott before its publication, and that great soul, in whom no thought of literary envy ever existed, seconded the advice of our own illustrious countryman, and urged the young writer still to further and better efforts. The death of the Earl of Liverpool, a friend of his father, from whom he had reason to expect a Government appointment, made it necessary for him to be industrious, and the intoxication of his first success added spur, which he was too willing to yield, to that necessity. Thenceforward he wrote incessantly. Novel after novel, romance after romance, tumbled from his pen. There are some seventy of them in all, of various merit, of course, but all above the average. His imagination was as fertile as that of Lope de Vega, and he produced his works almost as rapidly. For a long period he would not write himself, but dictated to amanuenses,—and sometimes carried on the construction of two novels at one time, walking from one room into another, and giving each scribe a sentence to convey to paper. Thus, though he did not write all his novels, they were still his own composition, and were not merely dignified by his name in the title-page, like so many of the fictions of Alexander Dumas. Without approaching the standard of the great master, the works of James have been almost as widely read as the romances of Scott, and while they will not maintain any enduring popularity, there are some among them which will not soon be forgotten. They have been translated into most European languages, and are quite popular in Germany. In this country, they have been several times republished, and some of the latest ones, written here, made their first appearance from the press of the Harper's, in this city. Mr. James was also the author of several histories and biographies, including the 'Lives of Charlemagne,' 'Richard Cour de Leon,' 'Henry IV. of France,' and 'Louis XIV.' These are less known than his other works, and have already attained the popularity that was their due. For a brief period he held the office of Historiographer of Great Britain, by appointment of William IV. In 1851 he removed to this country with his family, and took up his residence in Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Mass. In 1852 he was appointed British Consul in Norfolk, Va., in which post he remained till, in 1858, he was transferred to the British Consulate at Venice, where he has since remained.

Mr. James was a gentleman of winning manners, good conversational powers and unfailing courtesy. During his residence in this country he commanded himself to the regard and esteem of all with whom he came in contact—and there are very many social circles where, in spite of the fact that he came here a stranger and remained but a few years, his death will be mourned as that of a personal friend.—*N. Y. Times.*

[From the Evening Post.]

OBITUARY OF A NEWSPAPER.

The publication of one of the oldest newspapers printed in the English language is about to be discontinued. It is announced that the interest in the London *Morning Chronicle* was purchased some time since by the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. The *Chronicle* will be issued, as usual, until the 1st of August; after that date it will cease to appear. This intelligence will not surprise any one who is acquainted with the extraordinary progress made by the cheap Press in Great Britain within the last few years. One could wish, however, that the *Morning Chronicle* had not been the first victim to this aggressive spirit of progress. There are associations connected with that journal of no little interest. It was in the *Morning Chronicle* that Sir Philip Francis—or somebody else—under a well-preserved incognito, gave to the world the Junius Letters, the fame of which has not been confined to those countries where the English language is spoken.

These letters appeared in the *Chronicle* during the term of office of its first editor, Woodfall, who introduced into his paper the custom of regularly reporting the debates in Parliament, a new feature in English journalism at the time. Woodfall was considered a 'recklessly brave person' for having given publicity to the ideas of Junius, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. Tom Moore, Campbell, Goldsmith, Byron, and Dickens, may also be numbered in the brilliant array of writers for 'the good old Whig of the Strand.' From Morgan McCarthy, the 'joking genius,' who imposed the famous 'potato speech' on a drowsy brother chip as the genuine Parliamentary oration of an indignant Irishman smacking under his country's wrongs, to poor James Irwin, whose death occurred about a month since, the staff of the *Chronicle* was remarkable for its ability.

The *Morning Chronicle* was established in 1770, eighteen years before the *Times*. In noticing its progress, an eminent English author makes a statement to which we would respectively ask the attention of those gentlemen who are continually instituting ridiculous comparisons between 'the rough and ready journalism' of the United States and 'the high-toned spirit of the British press.' 'The *Chronicle*', says the author of 'England under the House of Hanover,' 'like the *Times*, began its career in accordance with the taste of that age (1770), with courting popularity by detailing most hideous private scandals, and with contempt on public as well as private characters.' It would seem from this that the antecedents of our London contemporaries are not so spotless as they would

have us believe. But the *Chronicle*, when the only means by which it could then succeed had carried it to popularity and influence, took a nobler course. 'There is more brilliancy in the *Morning Chronicle* than in the *Times*, without the formality and without the effort. The *Times* takes up no falling cause: fights no up-hill battle: advocates no great principle. It is "ever strong upon the stronger side." These words were written by Hazlitt sixty years ago.

Mr. James Perry, a native of the 'land o' cakes,' succeeded Woodfall in the editorship of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was the first man who acted on the principle that an editor should be personally responsible for every line printed in his paper, whether written by himself or not. He was an intimate friend of Campbell, and often annoyed that poet with his practical jokes. When Campbell was tendered the editorial control of the *New London Magazine*, Perry induced him to accept it, although knowing well that the political principles of the periodical were especially detestable to the editor-elect, who was, of course, ignorant of the fact. At another time the poet entertained the idea of organizing a club to be called 'The Bees, or Poets' Club,' and asked Perry's opinion of the title. 'O! it is good enough,' said the latter, 'but you will be greatly tempted to call you the wasps.' This answer settled the matter, and the proposed name of the club was altered.

The influence of the *Morning Chronicle* was very great in Perry's time, although its circulation never exceeded five thousand copies. Perry presided in the office till a short time before his death; after which event Mr. Clement, on the payment of \$200,000, became sole proprietor of the paper, and appointed Mr. Black, who had been for some years engaged in it, to the chief editorship. In 1834 the *Chronicle* again changed hands, having fallen away so rapidly since Perry's death, but while he was still a youth, he wrote several short stories for the amusement of his friends, some of which, straying out of the circle they were intended for, came to the notice of Washington Irving, who advised him to attempt a work of some importance. The 'Life of Edward the Black Prince,' a book he did not care afterwards to acknowledge, was the result of this counsel. But shortly afterwards appeared 'Richelieu,' published in his twenty-sixth year, the success of which confirmed him in his resolution to pursue a literary career. The manuscript of this novel had been submitted to Sir Walter Scott before its publication, and that great soul, in whom no thought of literary envy ever existed, seconded the advice of our own illustrious countryman, and urged the young writer still to further and better efforts. The death of the Earl of Liverpool, a friend of his father, from whom he had reason to expect a Government appointment, made it necessary for him to be industrious, and the intoxication of his first success added spur, which he was too willing to yield, to that necessity. Thenceforward he wrote incessantly. Novel after novel, romance after romance, tumbled from his pen. There are some seventy of them in all, of various merit, of course, but all above the average. His imagination was as fertile as that of Lope de Vega, and he produced his works almost as rapidly. For a long period he would not write himself, but dictated to amanuenses,—and sometimes carried on the construction of two novels at one time, walking from one room into another, and giving each scribe a sentence to convey to paper. Thus, though he did not write all his novels, they were still his own composition, and were not merely dignified by his name in the title-page, like so many of the fictions of Alexander Dumas. Without approaching the standard of the great master, the works of James have been almost as widely read as the romances of Scott, and while they will not maintain any enduring popularity, there are some among them which will not soon be forgotten. They have been translated into most European languages, and are quite popular in Germany. In this country, they have been several times republished, and some of the latest ones, written here, made their first appearance from the press of the Harper's, in this city. Mr. James was also the author of several histories and biographies, including the 'Lives of Charlemagne,' 'Richard Cour de Leon,' 'Henry IV. of France,' and 'Louis XIV.' These are less known than his other works, and have already attained the popularity that was their due. For a brief period he held the office of Historiographer of Great Britain, by appointment of William IV. In 1851 he removed to this country with his family, and took up his residence in Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Mass. In 1852 he was appointed British Consul in Norfolk, Va., in which post he remained till, in 1858, he was transferred to the British Consulate at Venice, where he has since remained.

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'HONEST OLD ABE.'

The following racy burlesque is from the pen of Artemus Ward, Showman:

There are several reports afloat as to how ' Honest Old Abe ' received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. I will give the correct report:

The Official Committee arrived in Springfield at dewy eve, and went to Honest Old Abe's house. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs. Honest Old Abe had Honest Old Abe out in the woods splitting split-milk wood. Other Committee men went out in the woods, more, moreover, they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails, with his two boys. It was a grand, a magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of home-made suspenders holding a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly patched with substantial cloth of a different color. Mr. Lincoln, sir, you've been nominated, sir, and have got a stinkin' office, sir, and I took a stinkin' railin', to split three million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stiff stuff about no Convention till I get my stinkin' done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone.' And the grand man went right on splitting rails, paying no attention to the Committee whatever.

The Committee were lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was? 'E'm my pa's boy,' shouted the urchin, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came very near goin' out completely. In a few moments Honest Old Abe finished his task and received the news with perfect self-possession. He then asked them up to his house, where he received them with a smile. He told them he was a son of the president, and had a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he naked Mr. Evans, of New York, 'why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street!' Mr. Evans gave it up. 'Because,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'Old Grimes is dead, in fact, and he's a son of a b----r.'

This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter. And as an evidence of this he said, 'I am a son of a b----r. It may be stated that during the evening he professedly observed that ' governments were governed too much, and that an honest man was the noblest work of God.'

BOOKS, ETC.

WORCESTER'S New Quarto Dictionary.

THE GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese are described as an active, vigorous people, of the middling size, and their bodily and mental powers more closely assimilated to Europeans than Asiatics. The common people, according to Thunberg, are of a yellow color, which sometimes borders on brown, and sometimes on white. The laboring classes, from the exposure of the upper parts of their bodies in summer, have naturally fair complexioned skin. The middle class, and their bodily and mental powers more closely assimilated to Europeans than Asiatics. The common people, according to Thunberg, are of a yellow color, which sometimes borders on brown, and sometimes on white. The laboring classes, from the exposure of the upper parts of their bodies in summer, have naturally fair complexioned skin. The middle class, and their bodily and mental powers more closely assimilated to Europeans than Asiatics. The common people, according to Thunberg, are of a yellow color, which sometimes borders on brown, and sometimes on white. 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